

IDYLIC.

BY FRANK DENNIS HERMAN.

To lie beneath a cloudless sky
On mosses a shallow brook
Where smells of wild-flowers in the dells
Make me forgetful of my look—
To dream of shepherd with his crook,
Of sheep on grassy slopes asleep—
To catch a vision of a life
Of shepherd, and hear his step
Fall like a whisper on the ground—
To watch his many smiles and frowns
His dainty garments, soft and snowy,
Fold gracefully from form around,
To like a day in such
With Daphnis and his sweetheart Chloe,
—Outing for April.

SHE CURED HIM.

D. S. B.

"You are never going to marry Philo Mayburn?"

It was a bright bay-windowed room, with a ruby fire sparkling in the grate, and a table, well laden with work, drawn up beside its shine. And the prettiest, freshest, most attractive thing to look at in the whole scene was the Widow Glenn herself, sitting industriously away at a strip of cambric ruffling.

She was tall and well proportioned, with hair like brown satin flax, blue eyes, and a complexion all pink and white, with the crimson bloom growing beneath the transparent skin in a manner that all the cosmetics on earth might strive vainly to simulate—a woman it did one's heart good to look at in the days of artificial falsity! Perhaps she might have been thirty, but she did not look more than twenty-five; for time, grief, old non-compromiser that he is, had dealt very gently with Josie Glenn!

"Why shouldn't I marry Philo Mayburn?" she asked quietly, as she bit off the end of her thread with teeth white and even as pearls.

Mrs. Jonesbury groaned and gasped!

"He's handsome, isn't he?"

"I haven't nothing to say agin' his looks," croaked Mrs. Jonesbury.

"And his principles and character are beyond reproach?"

"Nobody denies it as I know of!" unwillingly assented the elder woman.

"He is certainly well off!" went on Mrs. Glenn.

"Yes, he's rich, I s'pose, but—"

"But what?"

"His temper, Josephine, his temper. If you must have it!" jerked out Mrs. Jonesbury.

"He's as ugly as Cain, and as faint-hearted as an Arab in the land of Egypt; and all the world knows that he's fretted his first wife into the grave."

"He won't fret me into the grave," said Josie, sewing diligently on.

"How be ye given to help yourself?" asked Mrs. Jonesbury, with every evident incredulity.

"Oh, I have ways and means!"

"Yes, Josie, you don't really love him,"

"Yes, I do!"

"With his temper?"

"In spite of his temper, Mrs. Jonesbury, I see and esteem the good which lies unclaimed beneath that upper stratum of acerbity. Keep down the weeds and the daisies will grow in almost any nature."

"It's dreadful easy talkin'," said Mrs. Jonesbury, with a dubious shake of her head.

"But you don't know what it is, Josephine, Glenn, to be tied for life to a man that's forever grumbled about nothing!"

"There it is," said Josie, with a blue sparkle beneath her long brown eyelashes. I mean to give him something to grumble about!"

"I don't understand you!"

"Don't you? Nevertheless—"

But at that instant a bevy of visitors was ushered into the apartment, and Mrs. Jonesbury was forced to take her departure unenlightened as to the Widow Glenn's matrimonial policy.

So Philo Mayburn put a pretty ring on Josie Glenn's pretty plump finger and surrendered himself legally into the keeping of that blue-eyed dame, little recking of the order in store for him.

"Mrs. Mayburn!"

"Yes, Philo."

It was an evening during their first week at home, after the varied changes of the wedding tour, and the newly-made husband was sitting up and down the floor, with his hands in his pockets, a deepening wrinkle between his brows.

"It's one minute after 6 o'clock!"

"I see it," said Josie, glancing up at the time-piece.

"And dinner isn't ready. Is in your idea of punctuality?"

The wife made no answer.

"The fire sputters again. I do wish our servants would ever pay any attention to the fire."

Still Josie read on.

"Mrs. Mayburn!" ejaculated the husband.

"Well, my dear," echoed Josie.

"Why don't you answer me?"

"What shall I say?"

"Anything, Mrs. Mayburn!"

"Well, then, permit me to observe that I am very much interested in the book I am reading."

"Phil's brow grew dark; but he was stopped from further comment by the ringing of the dinner-bell.

"Oyster soup burned again," he growled, letting his spoon drop into the plate with a splash.

"I think it is very nice," said Josie.

"And the beef roasted, when I told cook especially to have it done!"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Mayburn, "where is the difference?"

"Difference, ma'am, difference!" barked Philo. "enough difference to spoil my dinner, that's all!"

And pushing back his chair he strode away from the table.

Mrs. Mayburn stayed to finish her meal, and then sauntered into the parlor, where her spouse sat glaring at the fire.

"Where are my slippers, Mrs. Mayburn?"

"On the rug, close to your feet, my dear."

"I don't want the slippers with the fox's head on—I want the slippers with the rose-buds and leaves. It's very strange a man can't take any comfort in his own home."

Josie rang the bell and ordered "rosebuds and leaves," but the next rock to split upon was the newspaper.

"Where's my paper? What's the reason a man can never find a paper when he wants it?"

"Here it is, Philo, folded neatly under the book."

"And what is it under the books for? Why isn't it left where I can find it?"

"If you had looked around, my dear—"

"But I don't want to look around!"

And Mrs. Mayburn unfolded the sheet and began to read, his brow still ominous and contracted, while Josie sat smiling beside him, her purpose shaping itself more and more definitely in her mind at every moment that the clock measured off with silvery tick.

The next evening Mr. Mayburn came home rampant as usual. The sitting-room was dark and chilly as he stumbled in.

"No light!" he demanded, querulously.

"What's the use of a light?" pettishly asked his wife, who was reclining on the sofa under a red afghan. "The fire has gone out half an hour ago."

"The fire out?" Philo stood aghast. "But why didn't you have it kindled up again?"

"Everything goes wrong," grumbled Josie.

"With a peevish elevation of her shoulders. The kindlings were wet, and the chimney smoked, and—"

"Well, well, my dear," said Philo, driven into the unwelcome task of consolation, "I dare say it will all be right."

"All wrong, more likely," fretted Josie. "It is so trying; and dinner isn't ready, although it's half past six—and the fruit hasn't come for dessert, and I'm so discouraged!"

"We'll do without the fruit, then."

"There's no other dessert."

"My dear Josie, it isn't best to let little things fret you!"

"I'll discharge the cook to-morrow," said Josie, scornfully.

"Oh, no, my dear! I wouldn't do that; she understands her business remarkably well."

"She burned the oysters yesterday."

"Only scorched 'em, that was all."

"She is always behind hand with the meals."

"On the contrary, my dear Josie, she is generally the soul of punctuality. Where is my dressing gown?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Josie spiritlessly. "That chambermaid makes a rule of putting things just where nobody will find them."

"Oh, here it is, back of the door," said Philo, "just where she always hangs it."

"Then why didn't you look there before you asked me?"

"Mr. Mayburn found it convenient not to hear, but poked the fire diligently."

"There you go, scattering ashes all over the velvet rug," said Josie, tartly.

Mr. Mayburn checked himself, and sat dozing in a rocking chair.

"I wish you would stop creaking that chair," groaned his wife; "my poor nerves are all in a quiver. Why don't they send up dinner?"

"There's the bell now," said Philo, jumping up with alacrity. "Come, Josie."

"I don't think I care for any dinner, now that I have been kept waiting so long," said Mrs. Mayburn.

"Now, my dear Josie, don't be unreasonable. I dare say they've got something very nice for you."

The beefsteak was cold, the potatoes water-soaked and the turnips dried like mummies, while the bread was new and heavy. Mr. Mayburn opened his lips to complain, but Josie was beforehand with him.

"My goodness gracious!" she ejaculated, with uplifted hands and eyes. "Such a dinner! Take me away, Philo; I can't eat a mouthful!"

"Just a little bit of the steak, dear—it's so very juicy."

"A little bit!" said Josie, emphatically. "Sarah, tell the cook she may go to-morrow."

"My dear, my dear—pray consider—"

"There's a chicken coming, ma'am, with bread sauce," suggested Sarah, with twinkling eyes.

"Chicken and bread sauce—the very thing I desire of all others!" exclaimed Josie.

"I am sure it is very nice," said Philo; "see how savory it looks. Let me give you a wing and a little slice of the breast."

"It's burned to a crisp!"

"Burned, my dear! Not a bit of it!"

"Do try it, Josie—really I think it is delicious—and there are some steaming baked potatoes."

"No," said Josie resolutely, shaking her head. "my dinner spoiled—that's enough."

And she walked out of the dining-room precisely as her husband had done the night before. But Philo, less philosophical than his wife, rose and followed her.

"Josie, dear," he said, hesitatingly, as she knocked down upon the sofa.

"Aren't you just a little—a little cross?"

"Am I?"

"And unreasonable? A trifle so?"

"Do you really think so, Philo?"

"Yes."

"So I am very cross and outrageously unreasonable!"

The dimples had come back to Josie's lips and the sparkle to her eyes. Philo looked bewildered.

"But, my dear, what do you mean?"

"Philo," said Mrs. Mayburn, calmly, "you have only been looking into a looking-glass."

"Into a looking-glass, my dear?"

"Exactly so. During the last hour you have seen yourself as you appear to the whole world. How do you like the reflection?"

She laid her hand lightly on his shoulder as she spoke. Philo Mayburn sat stroking his whiskers meditatively, without answering.

"Am I really as disagreeable as that?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, quite."

"I hadn't any idea of it."

"Because you have never seen yourself as others see you."

Another silence ensued, and then Mr. Mayburn spoke again.

"Josie, nobody shall ever see me again in that light!"

Philo Mayburn kept his word, and to this day Mrs. Jonesbury has left off this day. "But what mysterious agency wrought a marvelous change in the spirit of Philo Mayburn's dream."

"For he ain't like the same man, no more he isn't!" truthfully observed Mrs. Jonesbury.

Ohio Accepts the Situation.

(Columbus Times.)

Hon. George H. Pendleton was appointed by Mr. Cleveland Minister to Berlin. Ohio expected something better for one of the most distinguished of her sons, but the Ohio Democracy are of such sterling material that they will work as well in one place as another.

A Point in Sociology.

(Springfield Republican.)

Some men are born barbers, others work themselves up by a gradual apprenticeship, and others thrust themselves boldly into the business.

Not Indigent to the Soil.

(Kansas City Star.)

Three good Democratic Postmasters in Kansas. How does the fruit strike you?

Captain Mitchell, of the bark Antoine Sala, New York and Havana trade, came home in May, entirely helpless with rheumatism. He went to the mountains, but receiving no benefit, at his wife's request began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. He immediately began to improve; in two months his rheumatism was all gone, and he sailed in command of his vessel a well man. Hood's Sarsaparilla will help you. Sold by all druggists.

Lew Wallace's Mission.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Upon his return from the Orient Lew Wallace is expected to produce a sequel to the "Ben Hur." It will be entitled "Ben Hur." Sunset Cox has a subject for a new work, "Got That." Turkey somehow gets an undue proportion of American literary talent.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

ASSISTS NERVAL LABOR.

Professor Adolph Ott, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard manual labor, from shortly after breakfast till late hour in the evening without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dispense with it."

TRAGEDIAN MURDOCK'S NEPHEW.

A Strange Story of a Murderer's Disappearance in California.

"Eloped, September 25, 1834," says the San Francisco Call, is the singular entry that appears on the records of the Stockton Asylum for the insane opposite the name of Thomas D. Neice, who was committed to that institution from this city on the 20th of February, 1838, by R. A. Morrison, then Judge of the Fourth District Court.

On the night of the 6th of October, 1837, Neice, who had been a night watchman in the United States Mint, went to a house on Fifth street, between Jessie and Mission, carrying in his hand a large white baguette, which he offered to Jennie O'Neil, a nineteen-year-old girl, one of the inmates of the house, who was also known as Emma Meehan. She refused it, whereupon he drew a revolver and fired four shots at her, wounding her in several places. After he had ceased firing he approached the wounded woman, saying: "Kiss me, for I must go, as I will swing for this." As he was leaving the house he was arrested by Officer M. Murphy. As soon as he was in custody he said to the officer: "Take your revolver and kill me, for I have an old mother and do not want to disgrace her." The prisoner, who was then twenty-one years of age, and was the son of Adelaide Murdock, a then well-known lecturer, and nephew of James R. Murdock, the tragedian, came to this city from Washington, D. C. in February preceding the shooting, and soon after his arrival obtained a position in the mint. He formed the acquaintance of the woman he shot, who was a native of Santa Cruz, and married to a man named Meehan, but who had separated from her husband. After leaving her husband she went into a house on Sacramento street, where she was shot at by her husband. This shooting affected her mind, and she was sent to the asylum at Stockton, from which place she had been discharged as cured, but a short time when Neice became acquainted with her. On the 20th of October the woman died from the effects of the wounds inflicted by Neice, and just before dying she declared that Neice had shot her because she refused to support him. In February, 1838, Neice was brought up in Judge Morris' Court for trial for murder, and during the trial a jury was sworn to try his mental condition. The jury declared that he was insane, and, as a person of unsound mind can not be tried for crime, he was sent to the asylum.

On the 24th of May, 1838, D. L. Smoot, then District Attorney, moved to discontinue the indictment against Neice, stating that it was the intention to send Neice to his mother in Philadelphia. In support of the motion there was read a letter from Dr. Shurtliff, Superintendent of the Asylum at Stockton, in which the writer said: "Although Neice is still of weak mind and in poor bodily health, he is sufficiently recovered to go at large, and I would therefore recommend his removal." Judge Ferris, then presiding in the Department 12 of the Superior Court, before whom the motion was made, said: "I have a tolerable clear recollection of this case. The murdered woman was a poor, wretched creature, while the murderer was a good position, and appeared to be surrounded by influential friends. It is a matter of great surprise to find the Superintendent of the asylum advising that Neice should be permitted to go at large. The matter is declared to have a homicidal mania, yet it is deliberately proposed to send him to Philadelphia to his mother, who is said to be verging on insanity. Under these circumstances I can not and will not dismiss the indictment. If what has been stated is true, Neice could kill any one in the community and be wholly irresponsible. I dare not assume the responsibility of discharging such a man."

Recently it came to the knowledge of a reporter for the Call that Neice was no longer an inmate of the asylum, and that he had been discharged by any order of the Court a visit was paid to the asylum, and the entry which heads this article was discovered. The authorities at the asylum say they know nothing of Neice's present whereabouts.

HON. RUFUS MAGEE.

A Reminiscence of His Early Career.

(Lafayette Call.)

Hon. Rufus Magee, of Cass County who has just been elected the General Assembly of the United States to Sweden and Norway, has been quite prominent in the Democratic politics of this State for several years, having been Secretary of the Democratic State Central Committee, and during the present Legislature he has represented Cass County. His appointment to a foreign mission recalls to mind an incident in his early experience, which he has certainly not forgotten. In 1836, we think it was, when the writer filled the position of Superintendent of the Lafayette Asylum, Neice was committed to his custody. Neice was a native of Cass County, and his father, Rufus Magee, held cases in the composing room working under the name of "A." The office was at that time on the corner of Third and Ferry streets, where Duffy's marble shop now is. The Governor's message was being set up.

The manuscript copy was fearful, the lights bad, the proofs worse, and everybody tired and cross. About 2 o'clock in the morning, when there was yet two or three columns of matter to get up, Magee laid down his head, and, as he lay, he put on his coat, leaving an eighth of a column of copy lying unfinished on his case. Upon being asked by the foreman what he meant, he remarked: "I will never set another type as long as I live!" He was expostulated with leaving his paper in the press, but in that way, when every line counted, but he was obstinate, and said he was going to study law. The superintendent and proprietor were called into the room, but they could not induce him to go to work. The next day he had been at school at Bloomington, and he finally turned up editor and proprietor of the Logansport Pharos, and afterwards as a practitioner of law. His career from that time to the present is known to most of our readers. He has certainly built himself a good name, and The Call wishes to add its words to the general commendation with which the nomination of Mr. Rufus Magee, to Minister to Sweden and Norway, has been greeted. He is a consistent Democrat, of course, and he would not be nominated, but aside from his politics, is a gentleman who will be satisfactory to good citizens of every shade of opinion. He began life a poor boy in a printing office, and has won whatever of distinction and reward he has by hard work. He is a man of character and integrity, and will reflect credit upon our Government.

The New Attorney General.

[Washington Letter to the Cleveland Leader.]

As far as clothes and tastes are concerned, Garland and Brewster are as far apart as the poles. Garland pays no attention at all to his personal appearance, and it will not be surprising if he is found during the summer attending to his business, and at this, in his shirt sleeves and slippers. He wears no ruffles on his shirt, and he wears the old-fashioned kind which button in front and have the wristband attached to the sleeves. His collar is a turn-over one, and that soft little necktie of plain black was evidently fastened with his own hands. Senator Garland looks the Democrat all over. His hair is disheveled, and his spectacles he wears on the middle of his nose. He has a broad, low forehead, over which his hair falls while he is at work, making it look still lower. His hands and feet are very small, and on his left hand's little finger he wears a big seal ring,

which, with the exception of a hair watch chain, is his only jewelry.

His wife died at about the time he came to the Senate, but his mother keeps house for him here, and Garland is a widower. He prefers to spend his time with her and his children to loafing about the hotels. When not in his office he may be found at his pleasant home on Massachusetts avenue, engaged in work or play. He likes good living as well as Bayard, and he is not so dainty in his tastes. He has the sweetest tooth of any man in Washington, and when in the Senate used to be always eating candy during a session. He is a great friend of Dan Voorhees, and the two have been called the "Damon and Pythias of the Senate." They sat together, lunched together, and laughed and swore together as the occasion seemed to demand while they were in the Senate. Voorhees was very anxious to have Garland appointed Attorney General, and was delighted when it occurred. Senator Garland is a very approachable man, and his good-fellowship has made him the friend as well of Republicans as of Democrats. A party of Republican Senators called upon Hayes and asked him to appoint Garland instead of Stanley Matthews to the Supreme Bench, and it is said that Garland's relations with Blaine are of the most friendly nature. He is now fifty-three years old, and likes to fish, hunt and play practical jokes as well as any of his three boys. He is not wealthy, but has a good home in Lafayette and a small income outside of his salary.

Mr. Sheedy's Opinion of Mr. Sullivan.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

"Is the Ryan-Sullivan fight really coming?"

"It's one hundred to ten that it does not," promptly answered Sheedy.

"Why?"

"Because I don't think Ryan will put up the money. I wouldn't advise Ryan to make the match under the present conditions, for this reason: Sullivan can lick him sure, and if he comes here to fight for \$5,000 he is bound to lose. The original agreement between Sullivan, Ryan and myself was that they should fight for the diamond belt of Fox, which would, of course, go to the winner, along with 25 per cent. of the gate receipts; the loser also to get 25 per cent. and I to receive 50 per cent. out of which I was to make all arrangements and allow one or two parties here to have an interest, as would be no more than right, they belonging in the town. Sullivan has broken his word, and he's a liar."

"How is it, Fox takes Sullivan up?"

"Oh, well," replied Sheedy, smiling, "you see Fox does it as an advertisement; it helps him, but Sullivan will dump him whenever it suits his pleasure. Fox has been waiting to fight with John L. for some years, and it was I that brought them together. Of course he will back him for all he is worth."

"Your opinion of Sullivan has undergone a change?"

"Well, no, I know that he has no word. He will continue anything. He would see me now and agree to anything I say, and tomorrow he would make promises of an exactly different nature to some one else. In this instance I thought he would keep faith for his own interests. My opinion of him as a fighter, however, has undergone no change whatever. I will not allow my feeling for him as an individual to prevent me from doing him justice as a pugilist. He is the best man in the ring to-day. He can lick Teddy Rye, and then knock all the others out every hour afterward. He has science, strength and head; there can be no doubt of this. I have seen them all, and I know what I am talking about. That is why I say Ryan would be foolish to put up any big money to meet him."

"Isn't John L. injuring himself by drink?"

"Ah! There's the trouble. John not only drinks, but he loves the bottle. This present trouble with his wife, too, is upsetting him. He's coming, you know, for a divorce, and asks for the care of his baby. Sullivan has bestowed all the affection he possesses on this boy, and the prospect of losing him worries him not a little. He is training."

"No he isn't; no one knows when he will come. As I said before, he has no word, and therefore you can't place any dependence on him. You can gamble on it, the Ryan-Sullivan fight will not take place."

"Laugh and Grow Fat."

is a precept easily preached, but not so easy to practice. If a person has no appetite, but a distressing nausea, sick-headache, dyspepsia, or any other ill resulting from action of the bowels, it is impossible to get up such a laugh as will produce aldermanic complacency. In order to laugh satisfactorily you must be well, and to be well you must have your bowels in good order. You can do this and laugh heartily with Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the little registers of the liver and bowels and best promoters of jollity.

Colorado has 2,000,000 head of neat cattle, 250,000 of which are west of Denver, in the mountains.

"Nil desperandum"—never despair. While there is life there is hope. The trade mark of Michael H. Bitts is an anchor with the word "Hope." The emblem is justified by the marvelous cures that have been wrought by this great medicine in so-called "hopeless" cases of asthma, rheumatism, kidney and liver troubles, bronchitis, sick headache and kindred diseases.

"Athlophoros" is the enemy of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, repairs the nerves, removes the acids, calms the nerves, soothes the muscles, drives out poisons to the troubled brain, and ensures delightful sleep.

"Athlophoros" is a new remedy, but it has been abundantly tried. From far and near come testimonies of its power. It has cured the most stubborn cases of rheumatism and neuralgia. It has cured them. That is all,—and that is enough.

"Athlophoros" can do for you what it has done for those sufferers. It can drive out your Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and will do so if you give it a fair trial.

"Athlophoros" has by this time had such a good trial all over the country that its true